NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1913.—Cooyright, 1913, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association

ROAR OF WORDS AND NOISE IN THE DELIRIOUS DEBATES TO SAVE THE GREATEST CITY

corner soapbox campaign collegers and multiply them by eighteen Fusion campaign automobiles what's the answer? Seventy-two cart-tail, or tonneau-tail, speeches. That is, the Kid's College Men's League for Fusion, or whatever it is Kid De Saulles calls them, sends out eighteen crates of collegers, four edmundburkes to the crate, in eighteen Fusion automobiles on any given night of the campaign you want to pick.

six speeches. Six speeches times licked. seventy-two collegers makes 432 ora- It's torical detonations. Now add the same number of collegers of the College Men's
League for McCall—probably the MeCall rah-rahs outnumber the Kid De
Saules lads, but just to avoid all hard feelings let's say "add the same num-ber"—and you have a total of at least 864 graduate and undergraduate statesmen detonating to high heaven from the street corners of our quiet little town on whatever night you stop, look and listen.

Again, stretch your imagination to the busting point and, just to simplify the problem, try to fancy that Jawn Hennessy and The Same Old Bill aren't talking at all on this night we've se lected-well, try to imagine it, anyway: you can if you try. And, leaving Jawn and Bill out of it, add now to the 864 great statesmen just out of or just in college the total number of Socialist orators on soap boxes whooping 'er up for Charlie Russell and the Downtrod

Last year when Charlie ran for Governor on the Socialist ticket he got 26,282 votes in the greater city. Consequently the number of speakers in Greater New York is at least 26,282: for wherever one Socialist meets up with himself the result is an oration. So with 26,282 Socialists and 864 collegers orating we have, you see, at the very least 27,146 patriots saying the court. saving the country orally every campaign night right here in the city, where the idea of a Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises first blossomed

into being.

Then when Jawn and Bill and the mighty candidates themselves, and the Prohibitionists, the hecklers, the cops hollering at 10,000 trying to gouge a way into a hall which holds only 300 uncomfortably, with oratorical souses clinching their political eruptions across every slab of mahogany along Broadwith the unanswerable argument, Barkeep. I leave it to you-am I right I wrong?"-adding all these speeches up, what's the answer to the uestion, How many campaign speeches are made here on a fairly busy night? The answer is, "Considerable."

But with even this matter of speeches settled with arithmetical precision, don't think for a minute that you've com-puted the total sum of the various dynamic efforts required nightly to save these here, now, United States from

skidding to chaos. Think of how far we are and ever shall be from computing with anything approaching nicety the total number of owbells, snare and base drums, fifes and cornets necessary, say, to supply merely the trucks that support the illuminated muslin banners which inform the proletariat, as the trucks are drawn through East Side streets that unless Jimmie March, Jr., is elected to whatever office it is that

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

Take four of Jack Kid De Saulles's (Yale, Naughty-one) Campaign Orators Who Try to Gain on and o Votes for Their Champeen of the firm had already made a speech for Pee-pul—Bedlam When Gov-nah Soolzah Appears on East Side

Tammany, so you know where that leaves him. John Hutchinson of the same cosey offices is manager of the fusion speakers' bureau. John thinks George's Tammany speech is punk and George's Tammany speech is punk and the same cosey of the speakers' bureau.

cach of the eighteen automobiles makes anywhere from four to eight speeches for John Hurrah Mitchel a night. Split the difference and let's say such a speeches should withdraw in order that a should withdraw in order that a speeches should be should withdraw in order than a speeches should be shou and not run until the next election if you'd withdraw this election and not run until a next election. But the only man you can see, Gus, is you. All the the difference and let's say each makes Levy, the Tammany candidate, may be time you can't see anybody but—"

It's conceded that one of them must withdraw if Aaron is to be downed. Even Ous and Dave agree on that. But man who should drop off the ticket.

Gus, following a long argument with pinochle for money, that's what I'll "McCall"

tral Hotel when Dave Goldstein, Republican candidate for Municipal Judge in the Second district, and Gus Hartman didn't offer to withdraw for one election if Progressive candidate for the same of th

John Caldwell Myers of the same firm started out so keen for the ticket headed by the late Mayor Gaynor that J. Myers now doesn't know which to vote, or whether he'll vote at all, and "And if you keep on nagging me into if these doggone political arguments it," shouted Gus, shaking his finger don't step around this law shop I, John under Dave's chin, "I'll tell these news-



One of Kid De Saulles's Collegemen Orators.



Campaigning for negro candidate. Hon. Mistah Royall, for Alderman.

Taold distric it's all off with our republimself, was convinced that Dave number of hogsheads of red, white and meeting in the Suizer headquarters, blue paint needed for street banners, where they argue it out.

It's doubtful if even in the matter of adding up the speech output alone the layman has so much as heard of the debates receive much encourdebtas, forty to sixty an afternoon, the cocur in the Sulser headquarters.

Goldstein debates explode in absolute secrecy. The Same Old Bill usually doesn't meet the newspaper men in a body until 6 P. M., so the Hartman-body until 6 P. M. so the Hartman-body until 6 P. M., so the Hartman-body until 6 P. M. so the Hartman-body unt

And did you ever think of the should fade from sight. Wherefore meeting, to break up my meeting, lessness of trying to add up the each afternoon Gus and Dave have been while a little way to one side stands hopelessness of trying to add up the each afternoon Gus and Dave have been

The daily debates are carried on be-Sputtered on a night, the cubic meas-fore a large company of waiting news-paper men, but outside of a lot of refrom 7 30 P. M. until after midnight? Goldstein debates explode in absolute

"Do it, Gus, go and tell it!" Dave shouted him down. "Ha! Ha! Tell. tell, tell! Be sure you tell them I play pinochle for money or I lose votes. "You're a friend of Dopey Benny, the coke seller!

"'S lie! 'S lie! What! I should be a friend of Dopey Benn-

"And you should withdraw because Sam Koenig owns you body and soul!"

"'S a liiiiiiiii!" Let's pass out under cover of carpet dust and beat it for the elevator under the unostentations red, black and white poster in the hotel corridor, which says

> WHO REMOVED GOVERNOR SULZER? Charles F. Murphy, "The Chief." Murphy was the Judge, the Jury,

the Prosecutor & the Balliff!
Who was Murphy's Tool?
AARON J. LEVY! Vote Under The Bull Moose The dusk has come apace, but soft what light from yonder East Side Side young idea has fliched enough

the nightly onslaught of the Great Marvery great poet, Mrs. Minna Adams's husband, when he said that East is East and West is West, but whenever the twain shall meet the East Side bunch

will push and punch and step on the West Side's feet. Far to the south near the City Hall Prohibitionist orator orates that "the liquor interests have paid these hoodlums who're trying to break up my the bronze Nathan Hale with his hands tied behind him so he can't do any-thing and, just back of the orator, Benjamin Franklin sticks out a commanding hand with a gesture that says

tell them!" (Voices: "Go to it, old top! | "Cinched for fusion, you mean, Mr. G. Bite 'im, Gus, bite 'im!") | Gordon Battle." "Now both of you listen to me; I can prove that if——" "Aw, dry up, Hutchinson!" "Let me to carry about a round dozen reporters tell you, my colleagues, when Judge in the wake of The Same Old Bill as Edward E. McCall next Tues-

let me work."

law firm. debaters of the happy family at 37 Wall up again. ager of the fusion campaign.

zah! Hooray iun Gowinah Soolzah! Old Bob Adamson is making the uphaven't quite begun yet, but the East roar you heard downtown. His desk faces a broad window. What do you over on the East Side from building line sticks of red fire to prepare against suppose these Democratic loafers have done? They've just erected a tremenfacial elevation of at least twenty feet.

> FOR MAYOR EDWARD E. McCALL He Stands for Municipal Economy and Lower Taxes.

tells him to try to forget it.

The noise two offices to the west in the long suite of Mitchel offices comes effectual attempts to silence the hurri-

of room, however. Like the great magazine editor, Bob Davis, telling a fish story, Honorable Hammond has to action and his chauffeur begin to ease GUIIII-es!"

Bowery Hash Into View. Bill is begin-bown wit Chawley Molphy: Hooray: "MisFor-tunes—are SOMEtimes—somewhat is chauffeur begin to ease GUIIIII-es!"

company his political arguments with themselves right into Bill's district. much physical illustration. Most great Now in a cross street, with the patriots could say, "And I tell you, my Bowery to the back of him, the chaufpatriots could say, "And I tell you, my Bowery to the back of him, the chaut-friend, this great champion of the pee- feur gets the word to slow down. When positively unkind the Tammany chiefpul. Jawn Proy Mitchel, is headed riding along in the car behind him one straight for the White House," and still night recently I noticed that the chaufstraight for the White House, and star straight for the White House, and the White House, and

he says "headed straight for the White cross street north into wide Second House" Miss Mary Hammond's father avenue. starts on a dead run the length of the office in the general direction of Wash-slowly that pedestrians in any sort of ington or as near the direction of Mashington as he can guess at without the aid of a compass, just to make it nearsighted couldn't possibly miss the clear to you what he is driving at. And, big letters that explained that here was again reminding one of Bob Davis lying "WILLIAM SULZER." Leave it to the face downward on the Munsey carpet small East Side boys to grasp the fact and wagging his feet slowly from side that the tall person in the tonneau. to side while telling you how the big black slouch hat pulled tightly over the trout he caught last summer lay at the tawny locks and overcoat collar turned bottom of a pool. Honorable Hammond up to the ears, was the Martyr who had takes a dive under the rolltop desk put the Czar flat on his back.
when explaining how low the vote of "Soolzah! Tree cheahs fuh Gov'nah fusion's opponents will be, and next. Sooizah!" of the Mitchel vote, he always has to way shrill voiced boys and girls are comes to a sign such as the one at illustrate simultaneously with a sprint falling over themselves to jam up against Second avenue and Eighth street. the length of the office and a high jump the sides of the slow moving machine. over the wooden railing just inside the From north, east, south and west they

You see, you have to give these emo- that always starts the uproar. Men

way Central again. Out in front now and old, grandmothers-on they come an automobile on the bonnet of with shouts of joy.

Then there is bediam. The Same Old which, in letters almost as high as the gold lettered "Al Reeves" name on the door of Actor Reeves's limousine, is the legend: WILLIAM SULZER

FOR ASSEMBLY 6TH DIST.

The automobile is trembling with excitement and champing at its carbureter. Behind it is one touring car "Let me to carry about a round dozen reporters "Can he bats his way through his thousands that stuff. Take that noise outside and of East Side adorers to tell them from platform and tonneau how he put a Which only goes to show what fusion crimp into the Czar, smudged Russia off can do to just one erstwhile happy little the map in the interest of the Sixth Assembly district of Manhattan-and A roar that reaches all the way from then they made him a slap in the face the Mitchel headquarters away to the at Albany because Charley Murphy north in the Fifth Avenue Building, wanted him to do wrong things that he Madison Square, drowns out the legal simply couldn't do and hold his head

Did you ever watch The Same Old street. Let's hurry up town. The roar continues. And as you hurry up the Bill's work and methods when he starts Fifth Avenue Building elevator shaft to in to pick up his crowd on one of the fifth floor and break through a group these East Side deliriums that have of statesmen in the fusion headquar- been going on during the past ten days ters that includes such kindred spirits or more? Take it from a spectator as Col. Mike Padden—yes, honest; but it's Art, reader, Art! And after the he's only there because he is selling bot-delicate preliminaries and he's got 'em tled water for his firm-and Oliver Her- going the crowd grows as the big snowford, who is making verses and pictures ball grows; and then after a block or for the campaign, you dash into the private office of old Bob Adamson, man- done that the crowd now positively is in

The automobile can't go any further because even on the wide avenues far on the west side of the street to building line on the east side thousands of dous wooden sign on the roof right op- wild eyed adorers are standing upon one four alarm glue factory fire already is beginning to illuminate that portion of our city the unemotional qualities of which were so beautifully set forth by a down to statesmanship, is a portrait of like all the world series bleachers rolled very great poet, Mrs. Minna Adams's the Hon. Edward E. McCall, with a into one makes you long for just room enough to enable you to raise your wedged in hands so you can stick your fingers in your ears, but it can't be done.

Looming up from the tonneau of a Not only have the low lifes had this smothered automobile is the gaunt lettered onto the big sign, but they've figure of the Martyr. Henry Clay just turned on the lights. Dudley Field never had anything on that posture in Malone, Third Assistant Secretary of the original Henry's palmiest days. The State, is present wearing gray gloves Same Old Bill is doing a hamlet and all f and things. Dud Malone pats old Bob around there seems to be a general Adamson on the shoulder kindly and opinion that at last the country's about to be saved.

to the all day speaker, "Cut it from the lungs and throat of Statesman cane of cheers that distress him so let Jack Hammond, who is best known as me explain the Same Old Bill's method



Sulzer's name in Hebrew.

bear down upon the knot of children

off the favoriate line with which he be-

Honorable Hammond's rolltop desk, far to shoot eastward through Bond street is-thee-FAIRest-FLOWer that EV-er -shed its PERRR-fume-in-theeoff toward the southern horizon of the Bond street is not in the Sixt' disoffice, looks like a lone wart on a large tric' and so doesn't count—and keep up HU-man—HEARRRRR." ill pickle.

Statesman Hammond must have plenty Bowery flash into view. Bill is begin
"Hooray! Soolzah fuh 'Ssembly! Down wit' Chawley Molphy! Hooray!"

"Hoooraaaay! What's th' mattah wit Soolzah!" And then after Bill tells them how he tain was to him Bill always unlimbers

HER-zzz:
But ER-ror, WOUND-ded [rhyming with hounded] WREEEETHES [writhes]

with PAin, DI-es aMON-ng his WOR-ship-"Hoo-raaaaay! Send Chawley Moi-

phy back to I'land! Soolzah fuh Pres dunt! Hoo-raaaaay!' No wonder they grow excited, what with arguments like these advanced.

which not only are unanswerable but which The Same Old Bill's hearers now know positively are backed up by the personal word of so noted a statesman as the late Governor of New York. Maybe the East Side will waste no paint upon unnecessary first names when touching on the numerical height | Before the first cheer can get under across its streetwide banners when

FOR JUDGE, 2nd DIST., HARTMAN.

"ASSEMBLY, KOPP.
"ALDERMAN, DOTZLER."

That's all. But when it comes to an reach over the youngsters' heads to East Side Sulzer banner, let paint and And speaking of emotion, pull on shake the hand of the great man. Young canvas run free. For instance, take your hat and hurry down to the Broad-women with babies in arms, men, young the banner in front of 106 Avenue C:

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL. For Judge David Goldstein

Bill waves ineffectual da-das for silence. F O R MEMBER And after minutes of hysteria one hears the voice of The Same Old Bill getting HON. WILLIAM SULZER. By spreading out, you see, "For Mem-



And Ben Franklin says, "Cut it out."